

THE PREFACE

THE End of Satyr is Reformation: And the Author, who be doubts the work of Conversion is at a general Stop, has put his hand to the Plow.

I expect a Storm of ill Language from the Fury of the Town, and especially from those whose English Talent is to Rail; And perhaps being taken for a Conjuror, I may venture to foretell, That I shall be Cavil'd at about my Mean Style, Rough Verse, and Impure Language; Things which indeed have taken more care in. But the Book is Printed, and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them: And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman; in which they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governours also; that one might not be Rememb'd in Foreign Countries, for belonging

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to a Nation that wants Manners.

I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better Abroad; And we can give no Reason but our ill Nature for the contrary here.

Maybe an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd a Good Fellow, shou'd be Civil; And it cannot be denyed, but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can Dispute our Intemperance, while an Honest Drunken Fellow, is a Character in a Man's praise? All our Reformati^ons are Banter^s, and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing.

As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the hands of K: James, and his Popish Powers: Together with such who buy the Peace and Protection of the present

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Government; and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their uneasiness under him; These, by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguished, are the People aim'd at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it Rectified.

They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest instances of the like Nature find the following in Mr. Couly, in his Imitation of the first Olympick Ode of Pindar: his words are these,

But in this Thankless World, the Givers
Are envi'd even by th' Receivers:
'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay an Obligation;
Nay, 'tis much worse than so,
It now an Artist doth grow,
Wrongs and Outrages to do,
Lest Men should think we owe.

THE

The INTRODUCTION.

Speak, Satyr; If there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Polly, Pride, or Knavery,
That makes this Discontented Land appear
Less Happy now in times of Peace, than War:
Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more
Than all our Bloody Wars have done before?

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in place;
And Men are almost Honest in Disgrace:

The Court Preferments make Men Knaves in course,
But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.

'Tis not at Forreigners that we Repine,
Wou'd Forreigners their Perquisites Resigne:
The Grand Contention's plainly to be seen,

Yet some Men put out, and some put in;
For this our S.-rs make long Harangues,
And florid M.-rs whine their polish'd Tongues;
States Men are almost sick of one Disease;

And a good Pension gives them present Ease.
That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King, and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court Abuses rail,
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:
But when the Sovereign Balsam's once apply'd
The Zealot never fails to change his Side:
And when he must the Golden Key Resigne,
The Railing Spirit comes about again.

The Introduction.

Who shall this Bubbl'd Nation disabuse?
While they their ow'd Felicities refuse?
Who at the Wars have made such mighty Power;
And now are falling out with one another
With needless Fears the Jealous Nation fill,
And alwayes have been sav'd against their will:
Who Fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd:
Who their Old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the New.
Search, Scurr, search, a deep Incision make;
The Poyson's strong, the Antidote's too weak,
Tis pointed Truth must manage this Dispute,
And down-right English Englishmen confute.
What thy just Anger at the Nation's pride;
And with keen Phraze repel the Vicious Tide,
To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their Neighbours so
Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,
And Nations into long Oblivion cast;
To Old Britannia's Youthful Days retire,
And here for True Born Englishmen enquire,
Britannia freely will disown the Name,
And hardly knows her self from whence they came
Wonders that they of all men should pretend
To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend;
Go back to Causes where our Pollies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from Hell.
Scurr, Scurr, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True Born Englishman.

THE
True Born Englishman.

PART I.

WHerever GOD Erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always build, a Chappel there,
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation:
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind,
With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a General Aristocrac^y,
No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Yolk there's very few complain.
He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for every Nation,
He needs no standing Army Governments,
He always Rules us by our own Consents,
His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway,
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,
Outdoes your, Cæsars, or your Alexanders,
They never fail of his Internal Aid,
And he's at certain points to be betray'd,
Through all the World they spread his vast Com^{mand},
And death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd, (mand)
They rule so politicly and so well,
As if they were L... J... of Hell

Part I. The True Born Englishman.

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Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And Plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the first Peer, and President of Hell,
To his share Spain, the largest Province, sell,
The subtle Prince thought fittest to bestow
On these the Golden Mines of Mexico;
With all the Silver Mountains of Peru;
Wealth which would in wise hands the World under
Because he knew their Genius was such;
Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich,
So proud a People, so above their Fate,
That if reduc'd to beg they'll beg in State.
Lavish of Money, to be counted Bave,
And Proudly starve because they scorn to save,
Never was Nation in the World before,
So very Rich and yet so very Poor,

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of Italy,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy
Where swelling Veins o're flow with livid streams,
With Heat impregnate from Vesuvian-Flames:
Whose flowing Sulphur forms infernal Lakes,
And Humane Body of the Soil partakes,
Their Nature ever burns with hot Desire, (fires)
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean
Hore undisturb'd in floods of scalding Lust,
The Internal King Reigns with Internal Gust,

Drunk'ness, the Darling Favourite of Hell,
Chose, Germany to Rule, and Rules so well;
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they,

The

Duly

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The cunning Artist manages so well,
He lets them Booz to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell;
If but to Wine, and him they Homage Pay,
He cares not to what Deity they Pray,
What God they worship most, or in what way,
Whether by Luther, Calvins, or by Rome,
They sail for Heav'n, by wine he steers them home
Un govern'd P. sion scutled first in France,
Where Mankind lives in haste, and Thrives by,
A Dancing Nation Fickle, and Untrue; (Chance,
Have oft undone, themselves and others too;
Prompt the Infernal Deities to obey,
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.)

The Pagan World he blindly leads away,
And Personally Rules with Arbitrary Sway:
The Mask thrown off Plain, Devil his Title stände,
And what else where he Tempts, he shew Commands,
There with ill Lust, the Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd,
Worshipp'd as God, but Palms Always smoke,
Embru'd with blood of those that him invoke.

The rest by Deputies he rules as well,
And plants the distant Colonies of Hell;
By them his secret Power he maintains,
And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.

By Zeal the Irish, and the Russ by Folly;
Fury the Dane: The Swede by Melancholly;
By stupid Ignorance, the Muscovite:
The Chinese by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit;
Wealth makes the Persian too Effeminate:

Para T. The True Born Englishman.

FI

And Poverty the Farmers Despotate:

The Turks and Moors by Mahomet subdued:

And GOD has giv'n the Law to Rule the Jews:

Rage Rules the Portuguese; and Proud the Goths:

Revenge the Pole; and Justice the Dutch.

Satyr behind and draw a silent Veil,

Thy Native England's Vices to conceal:

Or if that Task's impossible to do,

At least be just, and show her Virtues too:

To Great the first, desert the last the Few.

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;

Happy, had she remain'd for this day,

And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.

Her open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,

The Merchants glory these, and those the Swains;

To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,

Who conquer her as oft as they invade her,

So Beauty Guarded but by Innocence,

That rules her nobles should be her Defence:

Ingratitude, a Devil of Black Renown:

Possess'd her very early for his own.

An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,

Who Samuels worst Perfection does inherit:

Second to him in Malice and in Force,

All Devil within, and all within him worse.

He made her firstborn Race to be so rude,

And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd:

By sev'ral Crowds of Wandering Thieves o're-run

Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.

While ev'ry Nation dur her Towns Reduc'd,

Their

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Their Languages and Manners introduc'd.
From whole mixt Relicks our compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does succeed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.

The Romans first with *Julius Caesar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name:
Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards, and by Computation
Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation.
With *Hengist, Saxons, Danes* with *Sueno* came
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame,
Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' *Hibernian* shores
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o're.

All these their Barb'rous Off-spring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the *Welsh* ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill born Mob began,
That vain Ill natur'd thing an *Englishman*,
The Customs, Surnames, Languages, & Manners
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong.
They ha' left a *Shiboleth* upon our Tongue
By which with easy search you may distinguish,
Your *Roman-Saxon, Danish, Norman English*.

The great Invading *Norman* let us know
What Conquerours in After Times might do,
To ev'ry *Musqueteer* he brought to Town,
He gave the Lands which never were his own:
When first the *English Crown* he did obtain,

Part I *The True Born Englishman*: 13

He did not send his Dutchmen home again:
No Resurrections in his Reign were known,
D' *Avenant* might there ha' let his book alone,
No Parliament his Army coul'd Disband;
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land,
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation,
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen,
The Rascals thus enrich'd he call'd them Lords,
To please their Upstart Bride with new made words,
And Doomsday Book his Tyranny Records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree
That so exhales our Poor Nobility:
'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive,
The Trophie of the Families appear:
Some show the Sword, the Bow, & some the Spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, *forsooth* did wear,
These in the Herald's Register remain,
Their Noble Mean Extraction to explain
Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The silent Records bluster to Reveal,
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best how came the Change to pass
A True Born Englishman of Norman Race,
A Turkish Horse can show more History,
To Prove his well descended Family,
Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis express'd

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May give a Title to the Lands possess.
 But that the Longest Sword shou'd be so Civil,
 To make a *Frenchmen English* that's the Devil,
 These are the Heroes that despise the Dutch,
 And rail at new-come foreigners so much;
 Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
 From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd
 A horrid Crowd of rambling Thieves & Drones
 Who ransack'd Kingdoms & dispeopled Towns
 The Pill and painted Britains Treach'rous Scow,
 By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought,
 Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneers, Danes,
 Whose Red-hair'd Offspring ev'ry where remains
 Who join'd with Norman French compos'd the Breed
 From whence your True Born Englishmen proceed.

And lest by Length of Time it be pretended,
 The Climate may this Modern Breed ha'mended,
 Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding Care,
 We have been Europe's Sink, the Yakes where she
 Voids all her Offal Out cast Progeny,
 From our Fifth Henry's time the Strolling Bands
 Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands
 Have here a certain Sanctuary found:
 The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond,
 Where in but half a Common Age of time,
 Borrowing new Blood and Manne from the Climate
 Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn.
 And all their Race are True Born Englishmen.

*Dutch, Walloons, Flemmings, Irishmen, and Scots,
 and Poles, and Passelips, and Hugonots,*

part I. The True Born Englishman. 15

In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,
Suppl'd us with three Hundred thousand Men,
Religion, GOD we thank Thee, sent them hither,
Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together,
Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
All that were persecuted or afraid,
Whether for Debt, or other Crimes they fled;
David at Hachelah was still their Head.

The Off-spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,
Had not their new plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their Votes
At Foreign Shoars of interloping Scots,
The Royal Branch from Pitt-head did succeed,
With Troops of Scots, and Scabs from North-by-Tweed
The first seven years of his Pacifick Reign,
Made him and half his Nation Englishmen,
Scots from the Northern Frozen Banks of Tay,
With Packs and Plods came whigging all away:
Thick as the Locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
With Pride and Hungry Hopes complectly arm'd,
With Native Truth, Diseases, and No Money,
Plunder'd our Canaan of the Milk and Honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their Race are True Born Englishmen.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
Which throng'd in Pious Ch... Restoration,
The Royal Refugee our Breed Restores,
With Foreign Courtiers, and with Foreign whores:

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And carefully Repeopled us again
 Throughout his Lazy Long Lascivious Reign,
 With such a blest and True Born English Fry,
 As much Illustrates our Nobility,
 A Gratitude which will so black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear:
 When they look back on all that Crimson Flood
 Which stream'd in Lindsey's & Cambray's bloody
 Bold Strafford, Cambridge, Capel, Lucas, Lisle,
 Who Crown'd in Death his Father's Equ'al Pile:
 The Loss of whom in order to supply
 With True Born English Nobility
 Six Bastard Dukers survive his Lascivious Reign,
 The Harbour of Italian Gallies, French Ports,
 French Pedlars, Tabby Sellers, and Gambrian
 Besides the Numerous Bright and Virgin throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song,
 This O Spring if one Age they multiply,
 May half the House with English Heers supply
 There with true English pride they may contemn
 Scurvy and p...d new made Noblemen.
 French Coblers, Scotch Pedlars, and Italian Whores,
 Were all made Lords, or Lords progenitors,
 Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,
 Much multiplied the Page of the Nation;
 Who will be all ere one short Age runs off,
 As True Born Lords at those we had before,
 Then to Recruit the Commons he prepares,
 And heal the latent Breaches of the Walls.
 The pious purpose better to advance,

H'Invites

part I *The True Born Englishman.*

H' invites the banish'd Protestants of France;
Hither for God's sake and their own they fled,
Some for Religion came, and some for Bread;
Two hundred thousand pair of Wooden Shoes;
Who GOD betrank'd had nothing left to Lose;
To Heav'n's great praise did for Religion fly,
To make us starve our Poor in Charity.

In ev'ry Port they plant their Fruitful Train,
To get a Race of True Born Englishmen.
Whose Children will, when siper years they see,
Be as ill Natur'd and as proud as we,
Call themselves English, Foreigners despise,
Be Surely like us all, and just as Wise.

Thus from a mixture of all Kinds began,
That Heterogeneous thing an Englishman
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust,
Betwixt a tainted Briton and a Scot;
Whose Gandring Offspring quickly learnt to bow
And yoke their Heifers to the Roman Plough:
From whence a Mongrel half bred Race there came
With neither Name, nor Nation Speech or Fame,
In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran.
Intas'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane,
While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
Receiv'd all Nations with promiscuous Lust,
This Nauseous Brood directly did contain,
The well extracted Blood of Englishmen.

Which Madley canton'd in a Hierarchy,
A Rhapsody of Nations to Supply,
Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,

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And still the Ladies Lou'd the Conquerors;
 The Western Angles all the East subdu'd;
 A Bloody Nation, barbarous and rude
 Who by the fence of the Sword posselt
 One part of Brittain and subdu'd the rest.
 And as great things denominate the small,
 The Conqu'ring part gave title to the Whole;
 The Scot, Pict, Brittain, Roman, Date submic,
 And with the English Saxons all Unites;
 And these the Mixture have to glory pursu'd,
 The very Name and Memory subdu'd;
 No Norman now, no Britain does remain;
 Waits strove to separate, but strove in vain;
 The Silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
 And Englishmen the common Name for all;
 Fate jumbld them together, God knows how;
 What e're they were, they're True Born English now.
 The Wonder which remains is about Pride
 To value that which all Wise Men deride.
 For Englishman to boast of Generation,
 Cancels their knowledge, & lampoons the Nation;
 A True Born Englishman's Contradiction.
 In Speech an Irony, in fact a Fiction,
 A Banter made to be a Test of Fools;
 Which those that use it justly ridicules;
 A Metaphor invented to Express
 A Man Askin to all the Universe.
 For as the Scot as Learned Men ha' said,
 througheu the VVorld their VVandering Seed
 So open-handed, England its believ'd, (Sp

part 1 The True Born Englishman 19

Has all the Gleanings of the VVorld receiv'd.
Some think of England 'twas our Saviour meant,
The Gospel should to all the VVorld be sent,
Since when the Bless'd Sound did hither reach,
They to all Nations might be said to preache.

'Tis well that Virtue gives Nobility,
Else GOD knows where we had our Gentry,
Since scarce one Family is left alive,
VVhich does not from some Foreigner derive.
Of Sixty thousand English Gentlemen,
VVhose Name and Arms in Register remain,
VVe challenge all our Heraulds to declare,
Ten Families which English Saxons are.

France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line
Of Bourbon, Montmorency, and Lorrain.
The Germans too their House of Austria shows
And Holland their invincible Nassau.
Lines which in Herauldry were Ancient grown,
Before the Name of Englishmen was known,
Even Scotland too Her Elder Glory shows,
Her Hamiltons, Gordons, and Her Monroes, (known
Downes, Mackays, Grubams, Reids, Names well
Long before Ancient England knew her own.

But England, Modern to the last Degree,)
Borrows or makes her own Nobility.)
And yet she boldly boasts of her Pedegree.)
Repines that Foreigners are put upon her,
And talks of her Antiquity and Honour,
Her S...lls S...ls, C...ls, De...M...rs.)
M...ns, and M...ns, D...s. and F...rs,)

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Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers;
Your *H...ns*, *P...llons*, and *L...llers*,
Pals now for *true-born English* Knights & Squires,
And make good Senate members or *Lord-Mayors*;
Wealth howsoever got in *England* makes
Lords of *Mechanicks*, Geniemen of *Rakes*,
Antiquity and Birth are needless here;
'Tis Impudence and Money makes a *P...r*,
Innumerable City knights we know,
From *Blewcoat Hospitals*, and *Bridewell* flows;
Draymen and Porters fill the City Chair,
And Footboys Magisterial purple wear,
Face has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the *Counter* and the *Coronet*,
Terpaulin L...ds, Pages of High Renown;
Rise up by poor Mens Valour, not their own,
Great Families of Yesterday we show
And Lords, whose Parents were the *Lord knows who*.

The End of the First Part,

PART II.

THE Breeds describ'd: Now Satyr if you can,
 Their temper show; for Manners make the man
 Fierce as the Brittain, as the Roman Brave;
 And less inclin'd to Conquer then to Save:
 Eager to fight, and Lavish of their Blood,
 And Equally of Fear and Forecast void.
 The Pig has made 'em Sowre, the Dane Morose;
 False from the Sco's and from the Norman worse;
 VVhat Honesty they have, the Saxon gave them.
 And that now they grow old, begins to leave them.
 The Climate makes them terrible and Bold;
 And English Bess their Courage does uphold;
 No Danger can their pating Spirit pall.
 Always provided that their Belly's full.

Lo close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak;
 For generally what'e're they know they speak;
 And often their own Councils undermine
 By their Infamy, and not design.
 From whence the Learned say, it does proceed,
 That English Treasants never can succeed;
 For they're so open hearted you may know
 Their own most secret thoughts, and others too.
 The Lab'ring Poor, in spite of Double pay,
 Are Saway Mutinous, and Beggary:
 So Lavish of their Money and their time,
 That want of Forecast, is the Nation's Crime.

Good

22 The True Born Englishman! part II.

Good Drunken Company is their Delight;
And what they get By Day, they spend by Night,
Dull thinking seldom does their Heads Engage,
But Drink their Youth away, and hurry on old Age.
Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense;
And void of Manners most, when void of Pence,
Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,
They alwise talk too little or too much.
So dull, they never take the pains to think,
And seldom are good Natur'd but in Drink.

In English Ale their dear Enjoyment lies,
For which they'll starve themselves and Familier;
An Englishman will fairly Drink as much
As will maintain two Families of Dutch:
Subjecting all their Labours to the pots;
The greatest *Griffs* are the greatest Sots.
The Country poor do by Example Live;
The Gentry Lead them, and the Clergy drive:
What may we not from such Examples hope;
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope
A Drunken Clergy, and Swearing Bench,
Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,
As wise men think there is some cause to doubt,
Will purge good Manners and Religion out.

Nor do the Poor alone their Liquor prize,
The Sages join in this great Sacrifice,
The learned Men who study *Aristotle*,
Corrupt it with an Explanation Bottle;
Praise *Epicurus* rather than *Lysander*,
And *Aristippus* more than *Alexander*,

Art II. *The True Born Englishman.*

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The Doctors too, their Gallen here Resign,
And generally prescribe Specifick Wine.
The Graduates Study's grown an easier task,
While for the *Urinal* they tosse the *flask*.
The Surgeons Art grows plainer ev'ry hour,
And Wine's the Balm which into wounds they
Poets long since *Parnassus* have forefaken, (pour,
And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken.
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
And good King *Bacchus* Governs in his stead;
He does the Chaos of the Head Refine,
And Atom thoughts jump into words by Wine;
The inspiration's of a finer Nature;
As Wine must needs excell *Parnassus* water.

States Men their weighty polliticks Refine,
As Solidiers raise their Courages by Wine,
Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,
And less them all drink Wine to clear the Voiced
Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
And Wine's the only spirit by which they pray.
But others less protane, than so, agree.
It clears the Lungs, and helps the Memory,
And therefore all of them Divinely think,
Instead of Study, 'tis as well to Drink.

And here I would be very glad to know,
Whether our *assilines* may Drink or no.
Th'Enlightning waves of Wine would certainly
Assist them much when they begin to fly:
Or if a fiery Chariot should appear,
Inflam'd by Wine they'd ha' the less to fear.

Eyes

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Even the Gods themselves, as Mortals say,
VVereth they on Earth, wou'd be as Drunk as they;
Nectar would be no more Celestial Drink,
They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to think;
But *English* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
Drink their Estates away, and Senses too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friends should fail
To helphim out, must dye at length in Goals;
His *Wealthy* Uncle sent a Hundred Nobles,
To pay his tri-les off, and rid him of his troubles.

But *Colon*, like a true born *Englishman*,
Drank all the Money out in bright Campaign,
And *Colon* does in Custody Remain,
Drunk'ness has been the Darling of the Realm,
E're since a Drunken Pilot had the Helms.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,
That each Man goes his own by-way to Heaven,
Tenaious of Mistakes that Degree,
That ev'ry Man pursues it sepa'rately.
And fancies none can find the way but he;
So shy of one another they are grown,
As if they strove to get to Heaven alone;
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Graved
And ev'ry Grace, but Charity they have;
This makes them so ill Natur'd and Unkind;
That all Men think an *Englishman* the Devils

Spirity to Strangers, toward to their Friend,
Submi't to Love with a Reluctant Mind,
Resolv'd to be Ungrateful and Unkind,
If by necessity reduc'd to ask,

Part II The True Born Englishman

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The Giver has the difficult task :
 For what's bestow'd they awkwardly receive,
 And alwise take less freely than they give.
 The Obligation is the highest Grief,
 And never love, where they accept Relief.
 So sullen in their sorrows, that 'tis known,
 They'll rather dye than their Afflictions own :
 And if Reliev'd, it is too often true,
 That they'll abuse their Benefactors too :
 For in Distress their Hangry Stomach's such,
 They hate to see themselves oblig'd too much,
 Seldom content, often in the wrong,
 Hard to be pleas'd at all, and never long.

If your mistakes their Ill Opinions gain,
 No Merit can their favour Re-obtain :
 And if they're not Vindictive in their fury,
 'Tis their unconstant temper does secure ye ;
 Their brain's so cool, their passion seldom burns,
 For all condens'd before the flame remains :
 The fermentation's off so weak a matter,
 The humid damps the same, and runs it all to waste.
 So tho' th' Inclination may be strong, (yet,
 They're pleas'd by fits, and never angry long.

Then if Good Nature shows some tender proof,
 They never think they have Reward enough,
 But like our Modern Quakers of the town,
 Expect your Gratitude, but Return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,
 Which all Men seek, but very few can find,
 Of all the Nations in the Universe,

None

None

26 *The True Born Englishman: Part 1*

None talk on't more, or understand it less :
For if it does their Property annoy,
Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourage them, you shall hear them tell
All things in which they think they do excel
No Panegyrick needs their Praise Record ;
An Englishman ne'er wants his own good word,
His long Discourses gen'rally appear
Prologu'd with his own wondrous Character :
But first to illustrate his own good Name,
He never fails his Neighbours to defame ;
And yet he really designs no wrong ;
His Malice goes no further than his Tongue ;
But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to rail,
To satisfy the Leash'ry of a Tale,
His own dear Praises close the ample Speech
Tells you how Wise he is, *that is, how Rich :*
For Wealth is Wisdom ; he that is Rich is Wise ;
And all Men Learned Poverty Despise.
His Generosity comes next and then
Concludes that he is a *True Born Englishman ;*
And they 'tis known, are Generous and free,
Forgetting and Forgiving Injury ;
Which may be true, thus rightly understood ;
Forgiving Ill Turns, and Forgetting Good.

Cheerful in Labour when they've undertook it
But out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket
But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
They may be Phlegmarick, but never Dull ;
And if a Bottle does their Brains Refine,

Part 12. *The True Born Englishman* 27

It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.

As for the General Vices which we find
They're guilty of in common with Mankind;
Say'r forbear, and silently endure;
We must conceal the Crimes we cannot cure!
Nor shall my Verse the Brighter Sex Defame;
For English Beauty will preserve her Name
Beyond Dispute, Agreeable and Fair;
And Modestier than other Nations are;
For where the Vice prevails, the great Temptation
It's want of Money more than Inclination;
In general, this is allow'd,

They're something Noisy, and a little Proud,
An Englishman is gentlest in Command,
Obedience is a Stranger in the Land;
Hardly subjected to the Magistrate;
For Englishmen do all Submission hate,
Humblest when Rich, but Peevish when they're Poor
And think what're they have, they merit more.

The meanest English Plow-man studies Law,
And keeps thereby the Magistrate in Awe:
Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property's so dear,
They scorn their Laws to Governours to fear;
Be Bugbear'd with the Name of Slavery,
They can't submit to their own Liberty,
Restrains from this is Freedom to the Wife;

18 The True Born Englishman. Part II

That Englishmen do all Restraint despise,
Laves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots;
The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Scots;
Their Governours they count such dangerous things;
That 'tis their custome to affront their Kings;
So jealous of the Power their Kings possess,
They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest,
The Bad with Force they eagerly subdue,
The Good with constant Clamours they pursue
And did King JESUS Reign, they'd murmur too;
A discontented Nation, and by far,
Harder to Rule in times of Peace than War:
Easily set together by the Ears,
And full of Causeless Jealousies and Fears;
 apt to Revolt, and willing to Rebel;
And never are contented when they're well,
No Government cou'd ever please them long,
Cou'd tye their Hands, or rectifie their Tongue;
In this to Ancient Israel well compar'd.
Internal Murmurs are among them heard;

It was but lately that they were oppress'd:
Their Right Invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:
When nicely tender of their Liberty,
Lord! what a Noise they made of slavery.
In daily Tumults show'd their discontent;
Lan-poon'd their King, & mock'd his Government
And if in Arms they did not first appear,

Part II The True Born Englishman.

It was want of Force, and not for want of Fear,
In humbler Tons then English us'd to do,
At foreign Hands for foreign Aid they sue;

William the Great Successor of Nassau,
Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:
He saw and sav'd them: GOD & Him they prais'd;
To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd
But gluttred with their own Felicities,
They soon their new deliverer despises
Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,
Unsing their Thanks, and pull their Trophies down;
Their Harps of Praise are on the VVillows hung;
For Englishmen are ne're contented long;
The Rev'rend Clergy too, and who'd ha'd thought,
That they who had such Non-Resistance taught,
Should e're to Arms against their Prince be brought;
Who up to Heaven did Regal Power advance;
Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France,
Twisting Religion so with Loyalty
As one cou'd never live, and t'other dye,
And yet no sooner did their Prince design
Their Glebes perquisites to undermine,
But all their Passive Doctrines laid aside
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd;
Unpreach'd their Non-resisting Cant, and pray'd
To Heaven for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid,
The Church chym'd all her Doctrines back again;
And Pulpit Champions did the Cause maintain;
Flew in the face of all their former Zeal.
And Non-Resistance did at once repeal,

30 *The True Born Englishman.* Part II

The Rabbits say, it would be too prolix,
To rye Religion up to Politicks :
The Church's Safety's Supreme lex.
And so by a new Figure of their own,
Their former Doctrines all at once disown
As laws *Post Facto* in the Parliament.
In Urgent Cases have obtain'd Assent,
But are as dangerous Presidents laid by
Made lawful only by Necessity.

The Rev'rend Father then in Arms appear
And Men of GOD became the Men of War,
The Nation, str'd by them, to Arms apply ;
Assault their Antichristian Monarchy:
To their due Channel all our Laws restore
And made things what they should ha' been before
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the Pale Priests look'd back on what they'd
How *English* Liberty began to thrive. (done
And Church of England Loyalty our live :
Now all their persecuting days were done,
And their Deliver plac'd upon the Throne
The Priests, as priests are wont to do, turn'd Tail.
They're Englishmen and Nature will prevail,
Now they Deplore the Ruins they ha' made,
And murmur for the Master they betray'd, (friends
Excuse those Crimes, they cou'd not make him
And suffer for the Cause they cou'd defend.
Pretend they'd not ha' carry'd things so high,
And Proto Martyrs make for Popery.
Had the Prince done as they design'd the thing,

Part II The True Born Englishmen 31

Not set the Clergy up to rule the King;
Taken a Devotion for coming hither,
And so had left their King and them together;
We had, say they been now a happy Nation,
No doubt we had seen a Blessed Reformation!
For Wise Men say it's as dangerous a thing,
A Ruling Priesthood, as a Priest rid King.
And of all plagues with which Mankind are curst,
Ecclesiastick Tyranny's the worst.

If all our former Grievances were forg'd,
King James hath been abus'd and we oppress'd;
Bugbear'd with Popery and power Despotick,
Tyrannick Government, and League Extending
The Revolution's a phantick plot,
W---- a Tyrant, S---- a Sot;

A Faction's Army, and poyson'd Nation;
Unjustly totc'd King James's Abdication.

But if he did the Subjects Rights Invade,
Then he was punish'd only, not betrayed;
And punishing of Kings is no such Crime,
But Englishmen have done it many a time.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay down
They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown
Tit es are Shadows. Crowns are Empty things,
The good of Subjects is the End of Kings;
To guide in War, and to Protect in peace;
Where Tyrants once Commence, the King do cease
For Arbitrary power's so strange a thing,
It makes the Tyrant, and unmakes the King.

52 *The True Born Englishman, part II*

If Kings by foreign priests and Armies Reign,
And Lawless power against their Oaths maintain,
Then Subjects must ha' Reason to complain.

*If Oaths must bind as when our Kings do ill,
To sell in Foreign Aid is to Rebel,*

By force to Circumscibe our Lawful Prince
Is willful Treason in the largest Sense
And they who once Rebel, must certainly
Their GOD, and King and former Oaths defy.

If we allow no Male-Administration,
Could Cancel the Allegiance of the Nation,
Let all our learned Sons of Levi try,
This Eccle'stick Riddle is Unty:

Now they could make a step to Call the Prince,
And yet pretend to Oath and Innocence,

By the first Address they made beyond the Seas,

They're perjur'd in the most intense Degrees;

And without Scruple for the time to come,

May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom;

And truly did our Kings, Consider all

They'd never let the Clergy Swear at all;

Their politick Allegiance they'd refuse;

For Whores and priests will never want excuse!

But if the Mutual Contract was Dissolv'd;

The Doubts Explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd

That Kings when they Descend to Tyranny,

Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.

The Government's ungirt when Justice dies,

And Constitutions are Non-Entities.

The Nation's all a Mob, there's no such thing

Lords, or Commons, Parliament, or King,
A great promiscuous Crowd, the Hydra lies,
Till Law revive and mutual Ties:

A Chaos free to chuse for their owne share.

What Case of Government they please to wear

If to a King they do the Reins commit,

All Men are bound in Conscience to submit;

But then that King must by his Oath assent
To Possessors of the Government.

Which if he breaks, he cuts off the Entail,

And Power Retreats to it's Original.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,

From Nature's Universal Parliament.

The Voise of Nations and the Course of Things

Allow that Laws Superiour are to Kings,

None but Delinquents would have Justice cease;

Seaves rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Pease;

For Justice is the Head of Government.

As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No Man was ever yet so void of Sense.

As to debate the Right of Self Defence

A Principle so grafted in the Mind,

With Nature born, and does like Nature blind;

Twisted with Reason, and with Nature too

As neither one nor t'other can undo.

Nor can this Right be less when Nation's

Reason which governs one should govern all

What e're the Dialect of Courts may tell,

He that his Right Demands can ne're Rebel,

Which Right if 'tis by Governours deny'd,

34 *The True Born Englishman: part II*

May be procur'd by Force, or Foreign Aid,
 For Tyranny's a Nation's term for Grievs
 As Folks cry Fire to hasten in Relief,
 And when the hated Word is heard about,
 All Men should come to help the People out;
 Thus England groan'd, *Britannia's* Voice was heard
 And Great *Nessus* to Rescue her appear'd,
 Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate,
 GOD, and the Peoples Legal Magistrate;
 Ye Heav'n's regard! Almighty *Jove* look down,
 And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne,
 On their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
 Who sought his aid and then his part forsake:
 Witness, ye Powers, it was our Call alone,
 Which now our pride makes us ashamed to own;
Britannia's troubles fetch'd him from afar,
 To Court the dreadful Casualties of War,
 But where Requital never can be made,
 Acknowledgments a Tribute seldom paid.

He dwelt in Bright *Marta's* Circling Arms;
 Defended by the Magick of her Charms
 From Foreign Fears and from Domestic Harms;
 Ambition found no Fuel for the Fire.
 He had what God cou'd give, or Man desire;
 Till Pity rous'd him from his soft Repose,
 His Life to unseen Harards did Expose;
 Till pity mov'd him in our Cause to appear;
 Pity that Word which now we hate to hear.
 But English Gratitude is always such,
 To hate the Hand which does oblige too much.

part II The True Born Englishman. 35

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intent,
 And hardly gain'd his unforeseen Assent;
 His boding thoughts foretold him he should find
 The People Fickle, Selfish, and unkind.
 Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear,
 More dreadful then the Dangers of the War:
 For nothing Grates a Generous Mind so soon,
 As base Returns for hearty Service done.

Sayer be silent, awfully prepare.

Britannia's Song, and *William's* Praise to hear,
 Stand by and let her cheerfully rehearse
 Her Gracelul Vows in her Immortal Verse.
 Loud Fame's Eternal Trumpet let her sound:
 Listen ye distant Poles, and endless Round.
 May the strong Blast the welcome News convey
 As far as Sound can Reach or Spirit can fly.
 To Neighb'ring Worlds, if such there be: relate
 Our Hero's Fame, for theirs to Imitate,
 To distant Worlds of Spirits let her rehearse
 Per Spirits without the help of Voice converse:
 May Angels hear the glad some News on High,
 Attun'd with their Everlasting Symphony.
 And Hell it self stands in suspense to know,
 Whether it be the fatal Blast, or no.

B R I T A N I A.

THE Fame of Vertue 'tis for which I sound,
 And Heroes with immortal Triumphs crown'd
 Fame built on solid Virue swifter flies
 Than Morning Light can spread my Eastern Skies.

36 The True Born Englishman. Part II

The gathering Air returns the doubling sound.
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
Echoes returns from Caverns of the Deep,
Old Chaos dreams on's in Eternal Sleep.

Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return.
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long,
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoken by ev'ry tongue.

My Hero, with the Sails of Honour full'd,
Rises like the great Genius of the World.
By fate and fame wisely prepar'd to be,
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory,

He spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne,
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on,
Immortal Trophies dwell upon his Bow,
Fresh as the Garlands he has won but now.

But by different steps the High Ascent he gains,
And differently that High Ascent maintains.
Prizes for Pride, and Lust of Rule make War,
And Struggle for the Name of Conquerors
Some fight for Fame and some for Victory
He fights to Save, and Conquers to set free.

Then seek no Phrase his Titles to conceal.
And hide with Words, what actions must Reveal;
No Parallel from Hebrew Stories take
Of God-like Kings my Similies to make.
No borrowed Names conceal my Living Theme,
But Names and Things directlie I proclaim
'Tis honest Merit does his Glorie raise,
Whom that exalts, let no Man fear to praise.

part II *The True Born Englishman* 37

Of such a subject no man need be shy,
 Virtue's above the reach of flattery;
 He needs no Character, but his own Fame,
 Nor any flattering Titles, but his Name.
 William's the Name that's spoke by ev'ry tongue;
 William's the darling Subject of my Song,
 Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
 And in Eternal Dances hand it round,
 Your early Offerings to this Altar bring,
 Make him at once a Lover and a King;
 May he submit to none but to your Arms,
 Nor ever be subdu'd but by your Charms,
 May your soft thoughts for him be all sublime
 And ever tender Vow be made for him.
 May he be first in ev'ry Morning thought,
 And Heav'n ne'er hear a Prayer when he's left out.
 May ev'ry Omen ev'ry bobbing Dream
 Be Fortunate by mentioning his Name.
 May this one Charm Internal powers affright,
 And Guard you from the Terrors of the Night.
 May every chearful Glass as it goes down
 To William's Health, be Cordials to your own.
 Let every Song be Chorus'd with his Name,
 And Musick pay her Tribute to his Fame,
 Let ev'ry Post Tune his Artful Verse,
 And in Immortal Strains his Deeds rehearse.
 And may Apollo never more inspire
 The Disobedient Bard with his Seraphick fire.
 May all my Sons their Grateful Homage pay
 His praises sing and for his Safety pray.

38 *The True Born Englishman.* *part I*

Sayr Return to our Unthankful Isle,
 Secur'd by Heavens Regard, and William's Toil
 To both Ungreatful and to both Untrue;
 Rebels to GOD, and to good Nature too.

It were this Nation, Nation be distress'd again,
 To whomsoever they cry, they cry in vain,
 To *Hunger* they cannot have the Face to look;
 Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke,
 To hope for help from Man would be to much
 Mankind would likewise tell'em of the Dutch
 How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
 Were Paid and Carr'd, and Hurry'd home again.
 How by their Aid we first dissolv'd our Fears,
 And then our Helpers Damn'd for Foreigners.

'Tis not our English temper to do better;
 For Englishmen think ev'ry Man their Debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne're complain
 Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth they gain'd,
 Till all their Services were at an end.
 Wise Men affirm it is the English way;
 Never to grumble till they come to pay;
 And then they likewise think thir Tempers such,
 The Work too little and the pay too much.

As frightened Patients when they want a Cure,
 Bid any price and any pain endure:
 But when the Doctor's Remedies appear,
 The Cure's too Easie, and the price too Dear
 Great Portland ne're was banter'd when he strove
 For us his Master's kindest thoughts to move
 We ne're lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd

Kin

King James's Secret Councils to divide,
Then we Carefr'd him as the only Man.
Which would the doubtful Oracle explain,
The only *Husfirable* to Repel;
The dark Designs of our *Achtophel*,
Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Sense,
The *Ablest* Seafemen, and the *Bravest* Prince
On his Wise Conduct we depend'd much
And lik'd him ne've the worse for being Dutch,
Nor was he valued more than he deserv'd;
Freely he ventur'd faithfully be serv'd;
In all King William's Dangers he has shar'd;
In England's Quarrels allwise he appear'd;
The Revolution first and then the Boyne;
In both his Counsels and his Conduct shine;
His Martial Valour Flanders will confesse
And France Regretes his Managing the Peace.
Faithful to England Interest and her Kings
The greatest Reason of our murmuring,
Ten Years in English Service he appear'd,
And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard;) *ad*
But 'tis not England's Custom to Reward.
The Wars are over England needs him not;) *ad*
Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord knows what
Shonbergh, the *Ablest* Soldier of his Age,
Whb Great Nassau did in our Cause engage:
Both join'd for England Rescue and Defence,
The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince;
With what applause his Stories did we tell;
Storie, which Europe's Volumes largely swell

40 *The True Born Englishman.* part II.

We counted him an Army, in our Aid.
Where he Commanded on men was afraid.
His Actions with a constant Conquest shine,
From Villa Viciosa to the Rhine.
France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confess,
And all the World was fond of him but Us,
Our Turn first serv'd we grudge'd him the Command
Witness the Grateful Temper of the Land.

We blame the King — that he Relies too much
On Strangers, Germans, Hugonots and Dutch;
And seldom does his great Affairs of State,
To English Counsellors Communicate,
The Fact might very well be answer'd thus;
He has so often been betray'd by us.
He must have been a mad Man to Rely
On English Guile — — — — — at Fidelity,
For laying other Arguments aside.
This Thought might Mortifie our English Pride,
That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd him,
And none but Englishmen have e're betray'd him)
They have our Ships and Merchants bought and sold
And basely sold English Blood for foreign Gold.
First to the French they sold our Turkey Fleet,
And injur'd Talmars at Cambray,
The King himself is shew'd from their Spares,
Not by his Merit, but by the Crown he wears,
Experience tells us 'tis the English way,
Their Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be too Remote,
A Modern Magistrate of famous Note.

shall

part II *The True Born Englishman.*

41

Shall give you his own History by Rote;
I'll make it out, deny it be that can.
His Worship is a True Born Englishman,
In all the Latitude that empty Word
By Modern Acceptation's understood,
The Parish-Book: his great Descent Record
And now he hopes e're long to be a Lord
And truly as things go, it would be pity
But such as he shou'd repreient the City
While Robb'ry for Burnt Offering he brings,
And gives to GOD what he has stole from King
Great Monuments of Charity he raises,
And good St. Magnus whistles out his Praises
To City Goals he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzza's from his own Mobilee.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain and Crown
With which Equip'd he thus harangu'd the Town

His Fine SPEECH, &c.

WITH Clouted Iron Shoes, and Sheep skin;
(Breeches
More Rags than Manners, & more Dirt then Riches
From Driving Cows and Calves to Layton Mercat,
While of my greatness there appear'd no sparke yet
Behold I come to let you see the Pride,
With which Exalted Beggars always Ride.

Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart Whip grac'd me as the Chain does now
Nature and Fate in doubt what course to take,

42 The True Born Englishman. part II

Who best I should a Lord or Plough Boy make;
Kindly a last resolv'd they would promote me,
And first a Knave, and then a Knight they vote me,
What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care.
To fit me for what they design'd to have me;
Add ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.

And thus Equipt to this proud Town I came,
In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame,
Blind to my future Fate, a humble Boy,
Free from the Gall and Glory I enjoy.

The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of Foot Boy all contain'd.

The Greatest Heights from Small Beginning rise;
The Gods were great on Earth before they reach'd the Skie
B.... well, the Generous Temper of whose mind

Was always to be bountiful inclin'd;
Whether by his ill Fate or Fancy led.

First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread,
The little Services he put me to;

Seem'd Labours rather than were truly so;
But always my advancement he design'd;

For't was his very Nature to be kind
Large was his Soul, his Temper ever free;

The best of Masters and of Men to me
And I who was before decreed by Fate,

To be made infamous as well as Great,
When Obedient Diligence obey'd him

I trusted with his All, and then betrayed him
All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,

Ruin'd

Part II The True Born Englishman. 43

Rais'd his Fortunes to Erect my own.

So Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin

To hiss at that Hand first which took them in.

With eager Treachery I his fall pursu'd,

And my first Trophies were Ingratitude.

Ingratitude the worst of Humane Guilt,

The basest Action Mankind can commit;

Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,

Hath lost of Honour, and of Guilt the most.

Distinguished from all other Crimes by this,

That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confess.

That Sin alone, which should not be forgiv'n

On Earth, altho' perhaps it may in Heaven.

Thus my first Benefactor I rethrew;

And now shou'd I be to a second true;

The publick Trust came next into my Care,

And I to use them scurvily prepare;

My Needy Sov'reign Lord I play'd upon,

And lent him many a Thousand of his own;

For which, great Interests I took care to charge

And so my ill got Wealth became so large,

My Predecessor Judas was a Fool,

Fitter to had been Whip'd, and sent to School,

Then sell a Saviour: Had I been at hand,

His Master had not been so cheap Trepann'd

I would ha' made the eager Jews had found,

For thirty Pieces, thirty Thousand Pound,

My Cousin Ziba of Immortal Fame.

(Ziba and I shall never want a Name:)

First Born of treason Nobly did advance

44 *The True Born Englishman.* Part II

His Masters fall, for his Inheritance,
By whose keen Arts Old David first began
To break his Sacred-Oath to Jonathan;
T'was Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very loth
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath;
Ziba's a Traytor of some Quality,

Yet Ziba might ha' been inform'd by me:
Had I been here, he n'r had been content
With half th' Estate, nor half the Government.

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,
That I of all Mankind shou'd like the Change;
But they who wonder'd at it, never knew
That in it I did my old Game pursue;
Nor had they heard of twenty thousand pound;
Which ne'r was lost, nor never yet was found;

Thus all things in their turn to Sale I bring,
GOD and my Master first, and then the King;
Till by successful Villanies made bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold;
And so to Forger-y my Hand I bent,
Nor doubting I could gull the Government;
But there was Ruffl'd by the Parliament.

And if I 'scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,
'Tis want of Law, and not for want of Crime.

But my * Old Friend! who Printed in my face
A needful Competence of English Brass; * the Devil
Having more Business yet for me to do,
And loth to lose his trusty Servant so,
Manag'd the Matter with such Art and Skill,
As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the Bill,

And

Part II The True Born Englishman 45

And now I'm Grac'd with unexpected Honours,
For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors :
Knighthood, and made a Tribune of the People;
Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well.
The *Custos Rotularum* of the City,
And Captain of the Guards of their Banditti :
Surrounded by my Catch-Poles, I declare,
Against the Needy Debtor open War;
I hang my Thieves for stealing of your Pails,
And suffer none to Rob you but my self.

The King Commanded me to help Reformation,
And how I'll do't, Miss shall inform ye;
I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation,
And hope in time to bring it into Fashion.
No *Brimstone* Whore need fear the lash from me,
That part I'll leave to Brother Jaffery.
Our Gallants need not go abroad to Rome,
I'll keep a Whoring Jubilee at Home.
Whoring's the Darling of my inclination,
A'n't I a Magistrate for Reformation?
For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Bard,
For which Bridewell wou'd be a Just Reward.
In Print my Panegyricks fill the Street,
And hy'd Goats Birds their Hazzas repeat.
Some Charities contriv'd to make a show,
Have caught the Needy Rabble to do so,
Whole empty Noise is a Mechanick Fame,
Since for Sir *Belzebub* they'd do the same.

The

The Conclusion

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,
 Or Deeds of Heroes done in Days of Yore;
 In latent Records of the Ages past,
 Behind the Rear of time, in long Oblivion plac'd,
 For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
 The Merit with the Families would end;
 And Intermixtures would most fatal grow,
 For Vice would be Hereditary too.
 The Tainted Blood won'd of necessity,
 In Voluntary Wickedness convey.

Vice, like ill Nature, for an Age or two
 May seem a Generation to pursue;
 But Virtue seldom does regard the Breed;
 Fools do the Wise, and Wise Men Fools succeed.
 What is't to us, What Ancestors we had?
 If Good, What better? or what worse, if Bad?
 Examples are for Imitation set,
 Yet all Men follow Virtue with Regret.

Con'd but our Ancestors retrieve their Fate,
 And see their Off-spring thus Degenerate;
 How we contend for Birth, and Names unknown
 And build on their past Actions, not their own;
 They'd Cancel Records, and their Tombs Deface
 And openly disown the Vile degenerate Race
 For Fame of Families is all a Cheat,
 'Tis Personal Virtue only makes Us Great.

FINIS.